

POVERTY'S GRASP

Nell Nelson Carries Relief to the Sick and Weak in the Tenements.

Sad Scenes from the Shadows of Metropolitan Life.

Children Working to Support Their Bedridden Parents.

Money and Nourishment Distributed Among the Very Needy.

Although of society, the poor sick babies of New York are not in society, which may in a measure account for the fact that all were at home Thursday afternoon when the visiting committee of the Baby Fund called.

We were five—a cashier, artist and two supply agents. Our luggage included \$100, a stock of sweet wine, fruit jellies, mutton for broth, condensed milk and prepared infant's food.

The Evening World's Corps of Free Physicians supplied the calling list, every name entered belonging to a sick child or a family in utter destitution.

For reasons that seem best and kind, definite addresses are withheld. All are on record and may be had by sending a note to the editor.

Have you a little daughter? Yes, thirteen or so; soft-eyed, gentle, sweet and shy; the pride of your mother's heart, the promise of your old age. Then indeed you are blessed.

But think of this fragile little creature, getting up at 6 o'clock in the morning, eating a breakfast of bread and tea and going out for your support; think of her with broken shoes, shivering stockings and a ragged nightgown, walking two miles to a box factory; working all day long with a piece of dry bread and a penny banana for a lunch; and after her drudgery returning to the dark, foul-smelling, ill-ventilated kitchen, near the roof of a crumbling old tenement; think of her eating bread and tea for her evening meal without either relish or refreshment; think of a pillow on the floor between the cooking stove and the window for her night's rest, more exhausted than a man; to be followed by the awakening that repeats the cares and privations of the previous day.

Doesn't it give you a pang to even think of it?

Yet there is a child in Morris street

whose life is but faintly outlined in this sketch.

Poor little Johanna has doubtless obtained employment by falsehood, for while just in her teens she has the appearance of a child of ten, though protesting that she is fourteen.

When we called the weaver was at work. The mother, a patient of Dr. Mason, sat at the open window, burning with heat and contorted with pain. She was suffering from rheumatism. Her feet were bound with old cloth, her dress was worn and untidy, and all the furniture in the two rooms would not bring \$1 if put upon the block of the auctioneer.

Most of the chairs were designed by a crude artist, a mackerel leg, a tub and a wooden pal offering support to the visitor that was far from secure.

She said her sole support came from the brave little woman of thirteen, who received but \$1 a week. The rent was unpaid and there was neither food nor fuel in the house.

"Were the whole block offered me for one penny I could not buy it."

Such was the sentimental estimate of her condition.

Dear, dear, it was pitiable to see her and heartrending to think of a fragile girl of thirteen working her young life away to support this lonely, helpless widow.

The cashier opened the bank, paid the rent, provided for a week's supply of food, and a pair of shoes and stockings for the little boxmaker. The small provision men hauled out a pot of jelly and a dish of chops, and I am certain that the feast spread before the child that evening will be an event in her memory.

In West street we entered a narrow

hallway leading to a rear tenement, and, by actual count, stepped over and about fourteen runabouts and creep-alongs. Not a child wore shoes, stockings or under garments; not one had a clean face, red cheeks or a healthy appearance. Some of the cadet nurses were six years of age, and one babe could not have been on earth when the lilacs were in bloom.

The court at the end of this hallway was even more populous. The heat was frightful, and many of the housewives were sitting on the flagstones nursing their babies.

Such puny children; such corpulent women, and neither strong nor healthy.

The yard seemed saved with humanity—litterless mites with tiny hands and feverish faces that were pressed against the black stones.

Here alone, in this 20-foot square space, a whole carload of suffering and needy baby boys and girls might have been gathered.

The only living specimen was "Patsy," a sweet-faced, blue-eyed boy of five, dressed in a single skirt, who with a tack hammer and lozenge box was trying to make a wagon.

The child is beautiful, full-chested, broad-shouldered and finely proportioned. Too much attention arouses the suspicion of an older sister, who reports to her mother. In a few minutes a thin woman, barefooted and bare-shouldered, comes hurrying down and leads Patsy upstairs.

We follow the woman and son to a neat little room. A horsehoe hangs over the door, but the luck it has brought to the inmates is not evident. Everything is as clean and tidy as care and scouring can make it. The bedding is white, a remarkable thing for a tenement-house. There are seven young children and two pussy cats in the family.

The mother, a widow, supports the family by scrubbing out office. She goes to work at 4 in the morning, scrubs

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cool the parched lips. He comes back with a square of ice-cream frozen into a little brick.

She smiles gratefully when it is placed between her hands.

"Oh, it tastes like Winter," she says. Forty little watering tongues taste it, too.

The array of the four children is less servicable. Last Spring the inhuman father abandoned his family, and nothing has been seen or heard of him since. Every article of furniture has been sold but the stove and bed. The baby, ten months old, cannot live, and the two other boys have but a slight hold on life. There is no food, no clothing, no money—nothing for these little ones but starvation. For the last ninety days they have depended on the goodness of the neighbors for enough to eat. The order from the treasurer is to give her everything, and the basket boys obey. The cash donation is not ample, and it cannot last long.

When it is used, heaven only knows what will become of the sick babies and the poor, emaciated woman.

A dying child in Trinity place, two in Pike street, one in an Oak street garret, three in Market street and two in one room in Cherry street. Diarrhea is the universal disease in these sections, but the Cherry street babes are waiting away for lack of proper nourishment. We met

in fancy. It is not possible to withstand the mute "how good it must be," or the appealing "how I wish I had a piece." The cashier does not try. Forty grimy hands cover forty dimes, and forty tiny girls fly off in ecstasies.

In Washington street a boy of four is found, lying in a doorway. He is too small to talk and too sick to sit up. Children tell us to keep away, that he has whooping cough. The mother up in the fourth story has four other children, and like Toby, all are afflicted with the dreadful cough. They need milk and medicine which are purchased at once.

The next object of misery is small Maggie, who, seated on the freight platform of a Washington street warehouse, has her

the sum of \$25 is divided, which means medicine, milk, bread, tea—temporary relief, and then?

We take Market street, and the first recipient of our bounty, dear, generous readers, is a cripple girl with a skin like polished brooze, fathomless brown eyes and a voice as sweet and low as soft music.

FIVE WHO LIVE ON \$2 A WEEK.

She is twelve, but the strength of your little finger would diminish her. Eleven years ago her mother died. The father is a consumptive, who cannot possibly outlive the year. Mary lives with her aunt, whose entire time is taxed by a sick husband, also a consumptive. Their home is in a half story, the roof window supplying light and air. The child needs everything; so do the father and uncle. Some assistance was given each.

Next door we found an old woman, clad as only poverty can be. She had three grandchildren, the youngest seven months. The mother, aged twenty-two, gets \$2 a week stemming tobacco leaves. On this the five people keep life in their bodies. They have one room, bare of comforts. They subsist on bread and tea made with cold water.

Can you believe that such misery exists, or that a man who promised to love the woman he wedded and who bore his children could be base enough to desert her?

But there remains \$1 of the \$100. On the way downstairs a baby is found in the hall scarlet with rash and moaning from the heat. We bargain with the half dead and alive mother to take the child down the way and lay it at the feet of Liberty. She gives the promise, and we go home empty-handed and heart-sick, wondering that so many ills are as they are.

NELL NELSON.

Oplee reads the Pocket Religion.

He tells a good story about a handy belief in THE SUNDAY WORLD.

RACING YACHTS AT NEWPORT.

To-Day's Contest Is for Rear Commodore Iselin's Cup.

SPECIAL TO THE EVENING WORLD.

NEWPORT, Aug. 2.—It is a beautiful day for the race of the forty-footers, and almost all the yachts have gone outside to see the fleet little craft take wing.

Many ladies are among the spectators who have put on hats and sun umbrellas. The course is to be twice miles to windward and back and the prospects are good for a quick sail.

The race is for the \$250 cup offered by Rear Commodore Iselin for class of 40-footers, and was sailed on the New York Yacht Club that have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise.

At 11:15 the Electra was just coming out, and the race was on the (Boston, Minerva, Moccasin, Marcella and the 11:40. The first gun was fired at 11:50, the second gun at 12:30.

Minerva crossed the line first, followed closely by two black and one white yacht. The course was sailed in 15 minutes, five minutes after the sun was fired.

1:20 p. m.—Racers now well separated. Minerva leading by 100 yards.

The finish will be probably about 3 o'clock.

Toistol at Home.

The great Russian novelist will be described in next Sunday's WORLD as he appears in the fields and in his house.

Standings of the Clubs this Morning.

Percentage this morning of clubs in the leading leagues:

LEAGUE. PERCENTAGE. CLUBS.

NATIONAL. 100.00. Philadelphia.

AMERICAN. 100.00. Philadelphia.

INTERNATIONAL. 100.00. Philadelphia.

WORLD. 100.00. Philadelphia.

OCEANIC. 100.00. Philadelphia.

PACIFIC. 100.00. Philadelphia.

ARCTIC. 100.00. Philadelphia.

ANTARCTIC. 100.00. Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC. 100.00. Philadelphia.

INDIAN. 100.00. Philadelphia.

AFRICAN. 100.00. Philadelphia.

EUROPEAN. 100.00. Philadelphia.

ASIAN. 100.00. Philadelphia.

AUSTRALIAN. 100.00. Philadelphia.

ANTARCTIC. 100.00. Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC. 100.00. Philadelphia.

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has nothing but want and disease. The mother is covered. That's all that can be said of her attire.

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